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Imperial Fantasies

— or —

Idylls of A Lawyer

— by —

Geo. Keller DeLong

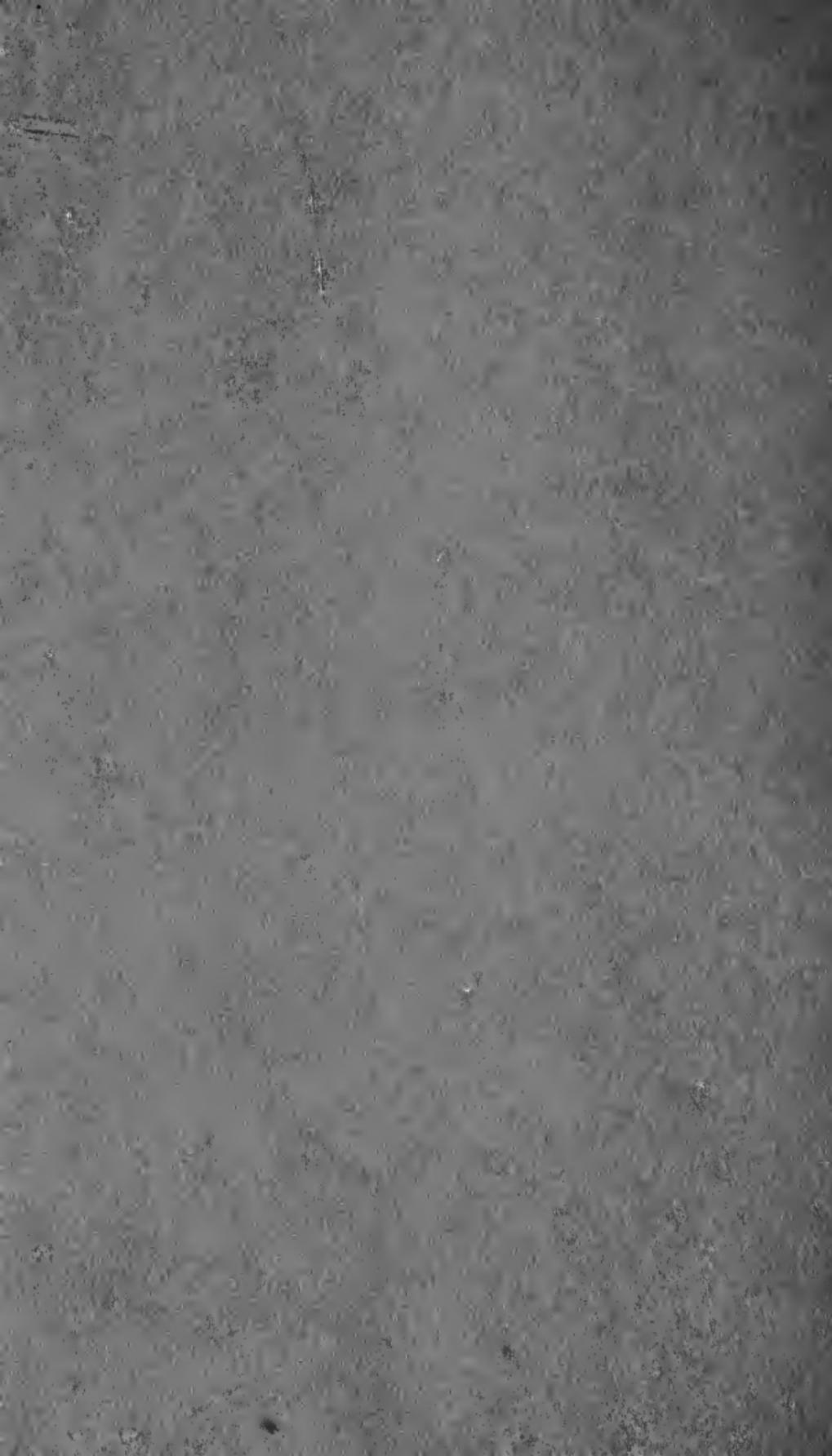
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1916

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PRICE 10 CENTS



Apology.

As the warmth of temperature hatcheth an egg, even so the fantasy of ideality breedeth quality. As the mariner on the high seas steers his course by his star, even so we attain accomplishments by our ideal.

Upon the fairies of childhood and the fantasies of youth the Monument of manhood or womanhood must rest secure or insecure as we lay this Bed-rock upon the everlasting Rock of pious serenity or the shifting Sands of ruthless vanity.

Fantasy has its mission. If these ethical and aesthetical fantasies may wake in dreaming youth a latency which waketh not ere its prime to accomplish for moral integrity of manly honor and womanly virtue, anything like, what for instance, The Jules Verne Fantasies accomplished for science and invention, then it will have been well for me to conserve these playful ditties of my youth.

GEORGE KELLER DeLONG.



George Keller DeLong
(1905)

SENTIMENTAL FANTASIES

—OR—

Idyls of a Lover

By George Keller DeLong



II EDITION

1916

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
ALLENTOWN, PA.

PRICE 10 CENTS

THE ALLEN PUBLISHING CO',
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No. 1.

THE MYSTIC NECTAR OR NEVADA'S CHARM.

"Oh water lily fair—
White cup of purity—
Who shaped thee with such care
To such maturity?

"Who graced thee so to be
Pure virtue's emblem mild?
Who breathed soul into thee
Thou virtue's semblance child?

"And lo, the nectar that
The gods have left undrained—
Dew mingled with thy fat
Hast thou them deft constrained?"

"Nevada hovered here,
She shed enraptured tears
Delighting in this sphere:
Drain not who capture fears.

"She shaped me in her palm;
Her pure transcendency
Imparting magic charm—
Sweet virtue's tendency."

I stooped and drained the cup
To be her captured knight,
My bosom swelling up—
Mine was enraptured plight.



THE MOUNTAIN'S TESTIMONY, OR NEVADA'S GRACE.

I shouted to the mountain peak:
"Why lift thy head so high?"
The mountain echoed back with chic:
"Seest thou the queen pass by?"

"O'er yonder plains triumphantly
She leads her conqu'ring bands.
Her trail marks sweet tranquility—
Most prospering of lands."

I looked and lo, Nevada's grace
Blessed all the world around:
Her grace all troubles did efface.
No grace like hers was found.

I could at once the myth construe—
The poetry well see;
If I Nevada never knew
The world were naught to me.

* * * * *

THE RIVER'S TESTIMONY, OR NEVADA'S SERENITY.

I stood upon the highest mount,
Gazed o'er the world around,
Saw many streams abound
For which I fairly would account.

I raised my voice and shouted forth:
"Oh whence, ye silver streams,
This grace which much redeems,
Affording to the world such worth?"

"We mark the path Nevada traced;
Such was her grace serene—
The fairest noblest queen—
With silver streams the world she graced."

"Ye are poetic in your song
Which I can well construe
A portrait very true.
May ye fore'er your song prolong."

A DEEP CLEAR STREAM, OR NEVADA'S INTEGRITY.

I stood on the brink of a deep clear stream
Whose sheen was as clear as a crystal mass
Reflecting the firmament's azure gleam
As clearly distinct as a looking glass.

I gazed in this mirror to but behold
A portrait complete of my very own.
I thought of a legend as yet untold
But which very clearly to me was shown.

"O beautiful, silently flowing stream
Thou owest to whom such a crystal sheen?
Some goddess hath blessed thee I dare to deem.
Such beauty of grace is so seldom seen."

"Nevada once gazed in my rippling mass,
So much of her favor I once did gain.
She gave me a glance and it came to pass:
The sheen of her glory I still retain."

"Oh beautiful stream what a legend thine—
A portrait of virtuous purity!
Thy poetry does unto me enshrine
A shade of Nevada's integrity.

"In thee I behold only what I am;
In her I behold what I hope to be:
She clasps in her hand the bright Diadem
Which I would so faintly deserve for me."

* * * * *

SONG OF THE BROOK, OR NEVADA'S VIRTUE.

'Twas May and all was sweet.
The songsters of the Spring
Were here and all did sing
The Summer clime to greet.

The breeze lulled sweetly low,
The orchards were abloom,
The air bore sweet perfume
Nor did a cloudlet show.

Along the brook I strolled
To hear its mystic song
As it would flow along
While it to seaward rolled.

By mystic ciphering
These words I could construe—
Sweet as I ever knew
Or any bard could sing:

"I'm full of love and care.
My humble beating heart
Would ever love impart:
It's due of sorrow share."

"Thou singing all day long
Such words so sweet and calm
That work a magic charm,
Where didst thou learn this song?"

"Nevada," said the brook,
"Strolled on my banks one day
And sang this precious lay
Which I at once did book.

"I sing it o'er and o'er.
It suits mine own so well
That oft as I it tell
I love it e'er the more."

"Thou singing all day long—
Thou shalt not sing alone,
Thy song shall be mine own—
Nevada's sweetest song."

THE EASTER BLOOM, OR NEVADA'S VIRGINITY.

"Oh Easter bloom what grace divine
Enshrines thee so serene
That for my worship thou a shrine
Art innocently green?"

"Nevada here poured forth her zeal
With all her virgin grace
While she devoutly here did kneel
Approaching fate to face."

"Oh virgin bloom, serene and pure,
My life shalt thou adorn
For to this end I'm very sure
Nevada too was born."

* * * * *

THE VIOLETS, OR NEVADA'S MODESTY

I wandered by the meadow's edge
Along a rocky dell
In quest to find some mystic pledge
That beauty's grace might swell.

And here I found some violets
Like modest maidens' eyes:
As one who all things else forgets
I fancied Paradise.

"Oh pretty modest violets
Who taught ye so to lure
With mystic art such as begets
What no man can endure?

"Who taught ye this sweet modest grace
That men's grave hearts invokes
To revel in the wooing chase
And muster duty's yokes?

"Why seek ye refuge 'neath the thorns
By briars fortified
When much of much less worth adorns
The place ye should have vied?"

"Nevada hid her virtues here
And made strong men to dare
So that the chase was so severe
To prove if they would care;

"Their blood from bleeding bruises flowed
And thus our deep blue hue:
Nevada modesty bestowed,
Her lovers dyed us blue."

Impulsively I bruised my hand
Nor grudged a drop of blood
The modest violets to brand
And grant that they were good.

* * * * *

THE MEADOW'S EMULATION, OR NEVADA'S SMILE.

"Oh smiling meadow, waving bloom
Whence this sweet grace thou dost assume
Which fills me with such mysteries
That give to me sweet ecstacies."

"Nevada smiled all o'er her face;
From her I borrowed all my grace,
I cannot help but emulate,
Such grace I fain would imitate."

"Forsooth thy smile comes but a shade
To that sweet smile which does not fade
From mine own memory fore'er;
No more than that art thou, ah ne'er."

THE FLUSHING ROSE, OR NEVADA'S ARDENT PRAYER.

"Oh crimson rose whence this thy flush?
Flee modesty and break the hush:
I'm sure 'tis not sheer modesty
Nor guilt of any villiany."

"Nevada raised her voice in prayer
To God who heareth ev'ry where;
She knelt and faced the rising sun
As always is her day begun.

"Her invocation me did thrill
I then bent o'er the window sill
And gently kissed her flushing cheek,
The grace of which I still bespeak."

"Oh crimson rose thou flushing bloom
Anxieties no more shall gloom:
Her invocation God hath heard
Thy flushing mood is hence absurd.

"Nevada hence with me shall rise
On pinions borne to Paradise.
'Tis mine to flush with ardent prayer
That God may grant me grace of care."

* * * * *

SWEET PEAS, OR NEVADA'S LAY.

"Oh climbing vine thou dost enshrine
Within my memory
A thought divine which does incline
My whole integrity,

"So let me hear the legend dear
Of thy significance.
Now who did rear such grace sincere
Like thy benevolence?"

"Nevada's say is all my lay—
I echo but sweet peace—
Since that fair day when she did pray
That warring hate might cease."

Thy gladsome peal doth well reveal
The craving of my soul.
Nevada's love of all above,
Hath sped me to my goal.

* * * * *

SWEET CLOVER BLOOM, OR NEVADA'S KISS.

I strolled among the fields one day,
A mass of waving pink
Was curling, twirling like some lips
Of which it made me think.

I stooped and kissed the waving bloom,
And oh! it was so sweet.
"Oh clover bloom whence this sweet grace
Wherewith thou me dost greet?"

"Nevada took some sympathy
Imparting me a kiss:
Her sweetness never failed me since—
The sweetest that e'er is."

"Thy honey, oh sweet clover bloom!
The busy bees may sip
If only I my portion find
Upon Nevada's lip."

* * * * *

THE MOUNTAIN LAKE, OR NEVADA'S FAVOR.

"Oh sparkling lake by mountains cleft,
Serene thy gracious splendor
Enthralls my ardor and my zest—
Some homage I must render.

"Upon the mountains' bosom cleft,
The heavenly sky thy dinker:
Within the basin of thy depth
The stars all vie to linger.

"Art thou the tears of gods or whence
This splendor so entralling?
I fain would know, what though perchance
Thy legend be appalling."

"Within Nevada's eyes I found
The favor this entailing—
In her blest virtue does abound
Serenest grace unfailing."

"Within thy depth the stars may vie
To linger there forever
If only in Nevada's eye
I ply no vain endeavor."

* * * * *

SPRING, OR NEVADA'S MYSTIC WAND.

"Oh Spring, lo when thy quick'ning breath arrives
Where all feigned death there living verdure thrives;
All living verdure bursts forth into bloom
And all thy breath becomes a sweet perfume.

"What mystic wand hath graced thee thus to bless
Earth's heaving bosom with such fond caress?
Whence hast thou borrowed such a grace serene
That thou canst turn dead gray to living green?"

"Nevada's bosom heaved—her sighing breath,
First wrought the miracle that quickened death,
This mystic wand she taught me thus to sway:
Sans her serenity death still were gray."

"Oh gentle breeze, forever sing thy song,
Forsooth I cannot comprehend thee wrong;
For had Nevada never here passed by,
Like o'er eternal death I'd have to sigh."

THE RIPENING WHEAT, OR NEVADA'S CROWN.

"Oh waving ripening wheat
Whence this sweet mystic treat
That wakes my admiration?
Whence came thine auburn hue—
Bright as I ever knew
In all the hue creation?"

"Nevada hovered here—
A queenly maiden dear—
Ah! we believe thou carest;
We bent to kiss her hair—
Her waving tresses fair
Which are the very fairest."

"How can I help but care—
Aye, woo one crowned so fair
As is the queen Nevada.
Crowned with the emblem zeal,
Her grace one needs must feel—
It falls around about her."

* * * * *

THE BLOOMING CORNTOPS, OR NEVADA'S THOUGHTS.

"Oh blooming corntops of the field
What glaring myth can ye me yield?
What emulation bears ye grace
To wield such puzzling grand displays?"

"Nevada we would emulate—
To see her once was our good fate;
Her forehead was with thoughts abloom—
Her role at play would we assume."

"Oh waving corntops mingle ye
Your virtues with such poetry.
Just as ye mingle virtues now
Mine own would with Nevada's brow."

THE SILVER LEAF, OR NEVADA'S EYES.

I strolled along the meadow brook
To view its many charms:
In poetry I fain would book
Some of its mystic psalms.

I spied a sparkling silver leaf
Which through the ripples shone.
My find afforded some relief—
For song this would atone.

"Oh silver leaf, thine is a song
Which faintly I would hear.
With all my heart and soul I long
To hear your song so dear."

"Nevada gazed within the brook,
I caught her silv'ry eyes:
I found within her tender look
The light of Paradise."

"Nevada's silv'ry eyes have wrought
That miracle for me:
How precious is this shining thought
Which all the world may see."

* * * * *

THE SEASHELL, OR NEVADA'S LISTFUL EARS.

I strolled along the ocean strand
And found a sea shell on the sand
That won my admiration.
The murmur of the sea I thought
In its enfoldings it had caught—
I begged an explanation.

To my delight I then did hear—
"It was Nevada's listful ear

That here made imploration."
I no more parted with the shell,
For it does mystic murmurs tell
Which need no explanation.

* * * * *

THE WILD RED ROSE, OR NEVADA'S CHEEK.

I strolled alone one day in June—
One lovely sunny afternoon—
Along the forest edge.
My fancy caught the wild red rose
To see what myth it might disclose—
What beauty it might pledge.

'Twas thus my meditation led:
"Oh whence this hue of pinkish red
That makes my heart to leap?
Whence didst thou borrow all the grace
Which thou dost wear—and all thy race
While o'er the earth ye creep?"

Quite humbly she did bow her head,
In softest whisper sweetly said:
"Thou speakest very sweet;
But then my beauty were not such
As I were not admired so much
But for Nevada's treat.

"I bloomed for many Summers here
Yet no one cared to hold me dear;
By none was I caressed
Until Nevada came my way,
One fair and lovely Summer' day—
Since that fair day I'm blest.

"The lustre of her rosy cheeks
My glory now in full bespeaks—
From her I borrowed all.
She is a fair and noble queen—
The fairest lady ever seen
On this terrestrial ball."

I bowed me o'er the wild red rose
That did such mystic lore disclose—

My heart was filled with bliss.
Full well I knew that all her grace
Was borrowed from Nevada's face,
And her I gave a kiss.

* * * * *

AUTUMN LEAVES, OR NEVADA'S LIPS, EYES, HAIR AND CARRIAGE.

I strolled along in solitude
The forest trees among
To gather me some Autumn leaves
And hear their mystic song.

I found a pretty auburn leaf
And one of silver gray,
Another was a scarlet red
That had just gone astray.

My yearning heart persuaded me—
I did the myth implore
That made me crave these Autumn leaves,
I did so much adore.

"Oh Autumn leaf of auburn hue
Do tell me now, I pray,
Where didst thou find this stately hue
Which thou dost wear today?"

"Nevada passed the other day
As I came falling down—
I floated like a fairy wing
And brushed her auburn crown."

"And thou, oh leaf of tender gray,
Of thee I do implore,
Where foundest thou the habit that
Bespeaks so much galore?"

"I floated on the Autumn breeze
Just as a fairy flies,
Nevada came across my path—
I caught her tender eyes."

"For all the glory thou dost wear
Canst thou to me account,
Oh scarlet leaf, I fain would know
Where thou such hue hast found?"

"I could my place no more forbear,
I sought for sweeter bliss,
I met Nevada on my way
And stole of her a kiss."

I lingered yet within the grove:
All sweetly calm did seem
When suddenly a chorus rose
That dazed me as a dream.

A host of leaves assumed a grace—
A feat not often seen:
With one accord they sang this song
Of some fair heroine:

"Nevada hovered o'er this path,
Her grace moved as a queen;
Oh that we could assume such grace
As we of her have seen."

I gathered up these Autumn leaves
And pressed them to my heart—
Their treasured legend tempted me
With them no more to part.

* * * * *

THE SWEET SCENTED ROSE, OR NEVADA'S BREATH AND COMPLEXION.

"Oh beautiful sweet-scented rose
I wonder wherefore thee I chose,
Wherefore I love thy dear sweet scent
To deem thee worth a compliment?"

"While here she sought to have repose
I gently kissed Nevada's nose,
And when her precious breath I caught
The miracle at once was wrought."

"Nevada thou canst not compare
For her complexion is more fair.
Thy scent is sweet but—still more sweet—
Nevada's breath is thy defeat."

* * * * *

THE TURTLE DOVE'S COOING, OR NEVADA'S VOICE.

Enrapt in reverie
I heard as if I vaguely dreamed
A strange sweet melody—
Nevada's voice it almost seemed.

"Fair love—sweet love—dear love"—
Was what I could of it construe.
When lo, a turtle dove
Had called his mate as if to woo.

"Oh turtle dove just coo;
Thy song indeed is very choice—
A compliment is due,
Yet sweeter is Nevada's voice."

* * * * *

THE DEW-DROP, OR NEVADA'S TEAR OF RAPTURE.

"Oh sparkling little dew-drop
Whence thy bewitching daze
That makes my heart to greet thee
And gives me such a craze?

"Whence all thy sparkling beauty
That is in thee displayed?
Whence this thy glowing glory
Wherewith thou art arrayed?"

"Nevada shed some rapture
To greet the dawn of day—
She parted with a tear drop
Whence comes my sparkling ray."

"Thou emulating jewel,
Resplendent in the sun,
Nevada's deed is truely
Love's radiance begun."

* * * * *

THE HEAVING WAVE, OR NEVADA'S BOSOM.

I stood upon the ocean strand,
My thought was at the waves' command;
Inquisitively I implored
What for my heart the waves adored.

"Oh heaving wave of restless sea
What poetry hast thou for me
Which gives me such sweet ecstacy
Quite like a waking memory?"

"Nevada stood upon my strand,
Her knight's fair ship approached the land.
Her heaving bosom rose and fell
By which sweet grace I have this spell."

"Oh troubled sea be soothed and calm,
Thy surging waves no more can harm:
My ship is anchored safe at last,
Thy tale 's a memoir of the past."

* * * * *

SNOW, OR NEVADA'S MANTLE.

The earth was hidden quite from view
All covered up with snow;
Of poetry this bare a cue,
And I of needs must know.

"Hey! mountain peak, ho! valley deep,
Hello! ye stretching plains.
Where are ye? Are ye gone to sleep
Like one who all disdains?"

"Nevada cast her mantle off
And spread it o'er the earth;
And no one can at us now scoff
Who knoweth of its worth.

"The clouds to envy are provoked;
The trees all vainly frown:
In purity we are enrobed
Within Nevada's gown."

"Nevada only shed her gown
To be enrobed anew
And honor me with her renown
More splendidly than you."

* * * * *

ECHO, OR NEVADA'S SYMPATHY.

When I was a child
I can fully well remember
How I often loved to scamper
Over pastures wild.

How I'd shout and sing
Or would make all kinds of noises—
Mystified how strange my voices
Made the echoes ring.

Oh how sweet the joy
That some myth should be respecting—
The delightful shout reflecting
Of a little boy.

Thus my poetry—
How I joyously regard her
Since I whispered to Nevada
What I hope to be.

How with odds I'd cope:
Told Nevada of my yearning,
Hoping she would not be spurning
All my fondest hope.

Aye, her sympathy
Echoed back my aspiration
With a glad'ning admiration,
Bringing joy to me.

* * * * *

CYPREPEDIUMS, OR NEVADA'S FEET.

"Oh dainty form of rhythmic grace,
What goddess hath ascended
Above the earthly graveled ways
To fly, on wings extended,

"To worlds unknown of heights undreamed—
This humble earth e'er spurning:
From all the pain of care redeemed;
Above all anxious yearning,

"That now I here find yet intact
Her graceful dainty slipper.
Oh could I've only seen the act
When pow'r from heaven did grip her."

"Oh foolish dreamer to concieve
That gods from earth were banished.
Twould make the heart of nature grieve
If gods hence ever vanished.

"This day a lesson you shall learn
If you will heed our warning:
The gods this earth least never spurn—
We are the gods' adorning.

"Nevada trod close by our side,
Her feet were tripping sweetly;
We fain would have her here abide
And greeted her discreetly:

"We stooped, embraced Nevada's feet;
She from our fold withdrew them:
We thus retain their form complete—
The miracle came through them."

"Oh floral fold, fore'er adorn
The path Nevada founded,
That all the hosts of maidens born
May trip where e'er she bounded."

* * * * *

Explanatory Note

Many readers assume at a glance that these verses are written for the glorification of the state of Nevada, which is an error as I have chosen this name as authors chose names for their heroes or heroines.

The state of Nevada was named after the mountains of Nevada, and so was the river that drains their slopes; but the mountains were so named because they are crowned with perpetual snow.

Nevada is a Spanish term for snow and snow in poetry is a posy for purity. My theme being to glorify the feminine virtues and in selecting a name for my heroine, the relative similitude, so evident once this term is generally understood, is what appealed to my fervor.

Readers may find themselves at a loss to follow the narrative trend by failing to grasp the strict notation (quotations in particular) by which alone the play of characters is determined; as I have saved on printer's ink, assuming that the tone of every quotation is as evident to the reader as if one were listening to different voices.

As a reader I often wished that authors were not so prodigal with explanations that were generally understood or went without saying: It is thus I offer the gist of the Grist without the Chaff.

GEORGE KELLER DeLONG.



THE HISTORY OF
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* * * * *

Note—"The Pathos of Song and Other Poems" was first published in 1905. I did not publish until I had assurance from the erudite that my work was acceptably meritorious. The MS was passed upon by the local high school principal and the "Town and Country" editor, who became interested after I had contributed to the local papers. The following letters show how the book was received when it came off the press. Note that at the time of first publishing, 1905, I was a citizen of Pennsbury, Pa., but now, 1916, I live in Allentown, Pa.

* * * * *

Credentials From The Erudite

"The Pathos of Song" deserves the close attention of all lovers of poetry, as all of its offerings are replete with ennobling thoughts and beautiful sentiments touching real life.

While not all of the poems deserve equal merit, "Passion's Dream" (P. 34) shows the work of a master who has drunken deeply at the fountain of the muse."

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By a Popular Lutheran Minister.

"In publishing this collection of your poems you have rendered important service to the rising generation and the community at large. May your book have a large sale. Respectfully yours,

Rev. O. F. Waage.

* * * * *

By Pastor St. Mark's Church, Pennsburg.

"I have read "The Pathos of Song," which is a volume of interesting gems of thought from life in beautiful rhyme. The strength of the composition lies in the fact that the author does not present the fanciful and imaginary only but deals with the real, which is the interpretation of his wide experience with humanity.

The work is acceptable and deserves recognition. I therefore recommend it to the public very heartily."

Rev. William U. Kistler.

* * * * *

By Father of Orphans' Home.

"The orphans will appreciate the gift (The Pathos of Song) very much."

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* * * * *

By Pastor of New Goshenhoppen Ref. Church.

"I carefully read The Pathos of Song and Other Poems, and was highly pleased.

The compositions show not only rhyme and rythm but genuine poetry. Running all through the verses you feel beating a poet's breast.

It is indeed remarkable, I almost said miraculous, that a young man with very limited educational facilities should gain proficiency to write such verses.

'The Pathos of Song and Other Poems' should find its way into every Pennsylvania German home, not only because the author deserves our kindest encouragement, but also because these poems flow out of the common life of his people."

Rev. Calvin M. DeLong.

By Pastor of Pennsburg Reformed Church.

"I sincerely think the volume of poetry, "The Pathos of Song," has the true ring of the rising poet.

"In its pages one can at once see a lover of nature's God and of his fellowmen.

This, I think, is the essence of the true poet."

* * * * * *Rev. Geo. W.. Lutz.*

Reading Telegram.

"'The Pathos of Song,' the spirit of his poetry is poetical; his sentiment is clean and uplifting, and no one can read his verses without feeling better and more cheerful."

* * * * *

By an Institutional Paper

"This little volume is meeting with a cheerful welcome wherever it is being read."

Orphan's Home Paper, Topton.

* * * * *

By Evangelical Minister.

"I have read 'The Pathos of Song' with much interest and profit."

Rev. N. L. Bechtet.

* * * * *

Introduction to "The Arm Most Strong and Other Poems."

By Prof. M. N. Huttel.

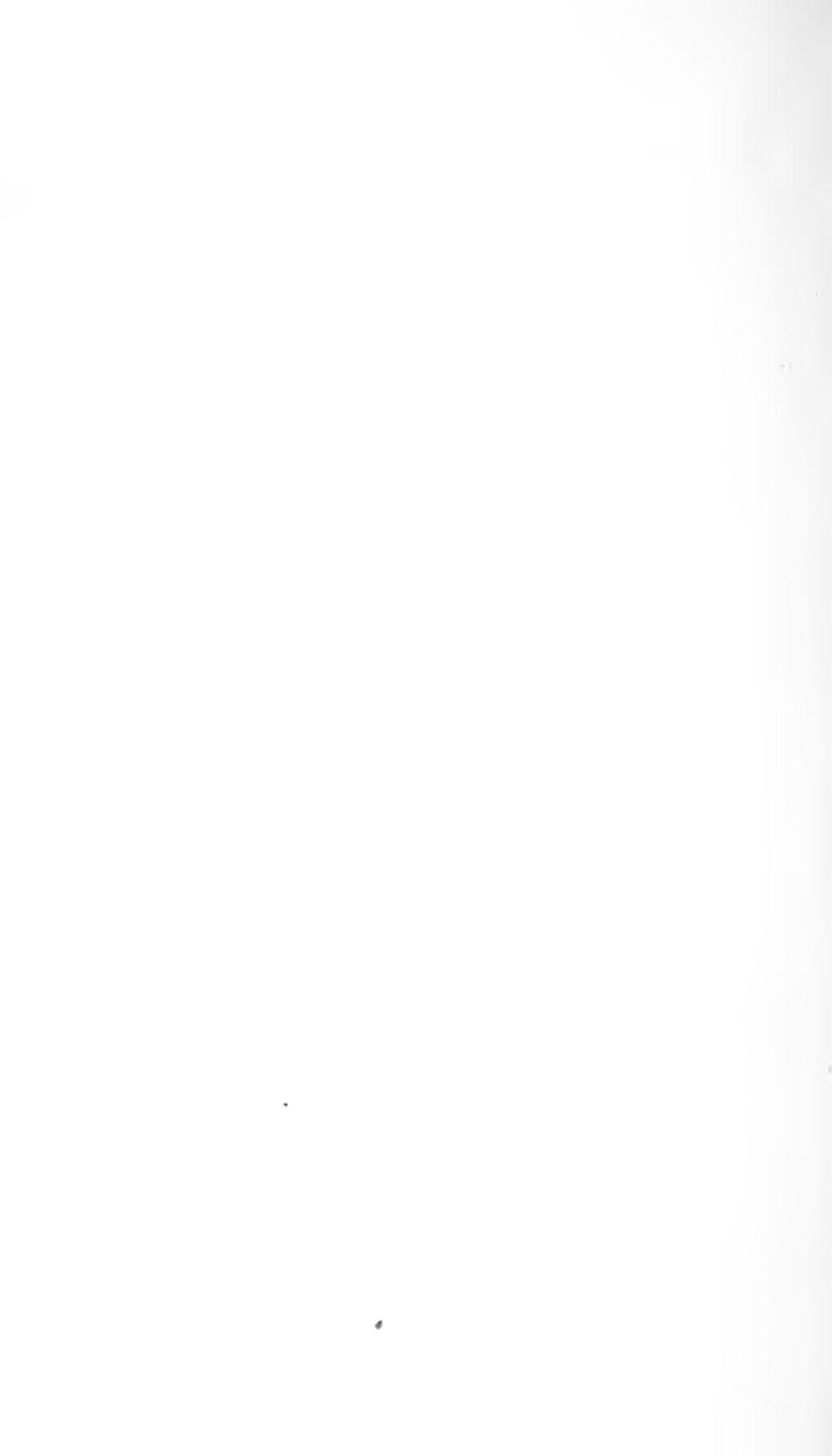
A budding genius appeared before the public a year ago when "The Pathos of Song" was launched, and various criticisms were made, many adverse, but others favorable. The latter came as a spur to the author George Keller DeLong, and induced him to make greater effort to please and to merit the approval of that portion of humanity that believes in the uplifting of the masses through the means of ennobling thought presented in pleasing language.

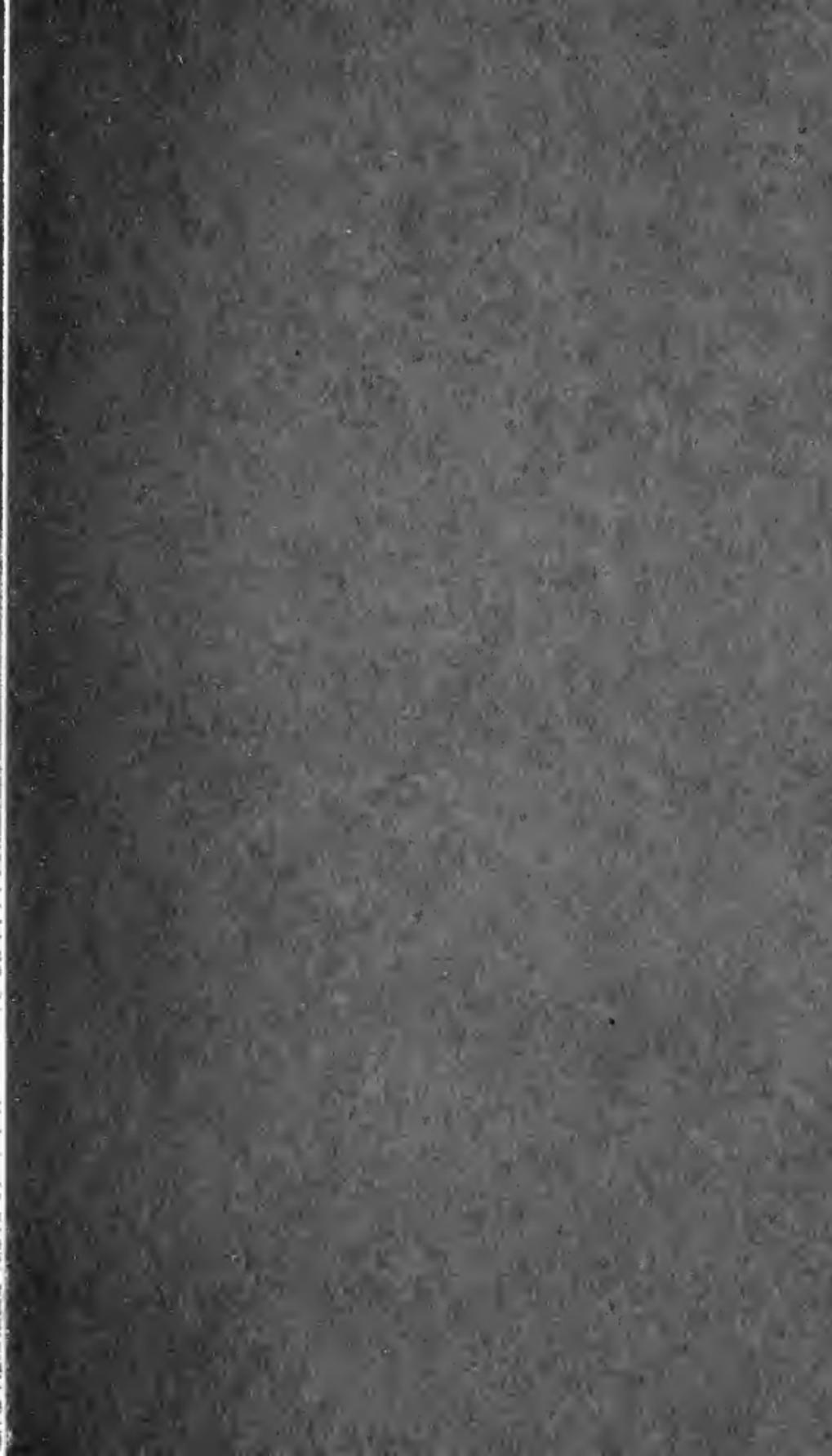
"The Arm Most Strong and Other Poems," comprises some of the earlier efforts of the author as well as some of the latest, and is ready for perusal. In some of the minor poems of this volume refined sentiments as well as wonderful flights of imagination are shown, while "The Arm Most Strong" displays a scope of thought and a familiarity with the varied phases of nature and prove beyond doubt that the author has the real poetic temperament and spirit. The poem, when subjected to the test of rule and measure, merits favorable criticism. The meter is uniform and well nigh perfect the rhyme is slightly forced in several instances and while the mind of the reader may carp at the defect, it takes the mind of the poetic genius to improve; the lines are easy flowing and rhythmic, so that all told, "The Arm Most Strong" will afford pleasure to all who peruse it. And if the sense of pleasure is aroused, the sentiments will work ultimate good to those who delight in their charms.

Without entering into an analysis of every individual poem included in the work, suffice it to say: That all display the utmost care on the part of the author. His alliterations and his line and double rhymes are very attractive.

That the popular chord has been struck by the Author was shown by the large demand for "The Pathos of Song." "The Arm Most Strong" has a greater mission and should have a larger field of circulation. The people of our community may well hail with delight the products emanating from the pen of the author who has grown up in their midst and is one of them in their hopes, their fears, their labors, their joys and their sufferings, and who stands apart to render to his fellow man the noble service of raising all to a higher plane of thought, so that they may enjoy with keener sense and serve more acceptably in the various spheres allotted to them.

M. N. Huitel.





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